NO. 50

PEP COMICS

SEPT. 10¢

Archie

Starring ARCHIE ANDREWS!

THE SHIELD

The BLACK HOOD

AN MLJ MAGAZINE

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 28

GREETINGS, G-MEN:

The meeting will now come to order. Our first business for the day is the paper salvage campaign. Knowing our members as we do, Dusty and I are sure that you're all doing your part, and more, to help save waste paper for the war effort. But, we just want you to remember that the important thing is to keep on doing it, day after day, week after week, and month after month. And if necessary, year after year—*until this war is won.* It's a small enough job Uncle Sam asks of us to help get this mess over with. And Dusty and I know we can tell our old uncle that every member of the Shield G-Man Club will back him to the limit.

Next business of the day is answering a few letters from our members. Robert Westhorn, of Mt. Clifton, N. J., writes to suggest a mystery contest for our Shield G-Man members. The idea being that we present a mystery for you G-Men to solve, prizes to be given to the winners.

Sounds like a great idea, Bob. In fact, Dusty and I were thinking of that very same idea before we got your letter. We'll go into a huddle and see what we can do about it.

I guess that about cleans up the business of the day. So long for now. And, keep writing.

The honorary members for this month are:

DETMAR LIGON
435 E. 3rd Street
Cincinnati, Ohio

LARRY SCHAFFTER
374 Dwight Street
Elgin, Illinois

DONALD FELIMONIK
6008 Tarnow
Detroit, Michigan

CHARLES TAYLOR
620 S. Main Street
Henderson, Kentucky

MICHAEL COPPILLINO
4002 Carpenter Avenue
New York City

ARTHUR CRAWFORD
312 Madison Street
New York City

THOMAS WIGGINS
Marsteller, Pennsylvania

MAX GARNER
R. R. No. 2
New Castle, Indiana

JOE FARRELL
254 Pike Street
Cincinnati, Ohio

JOE CAMP
Talladega, Alabama

Sincerely
Joe Higgins

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 603
241 Church St.
New York City

Dear Joe:
Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB.** I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

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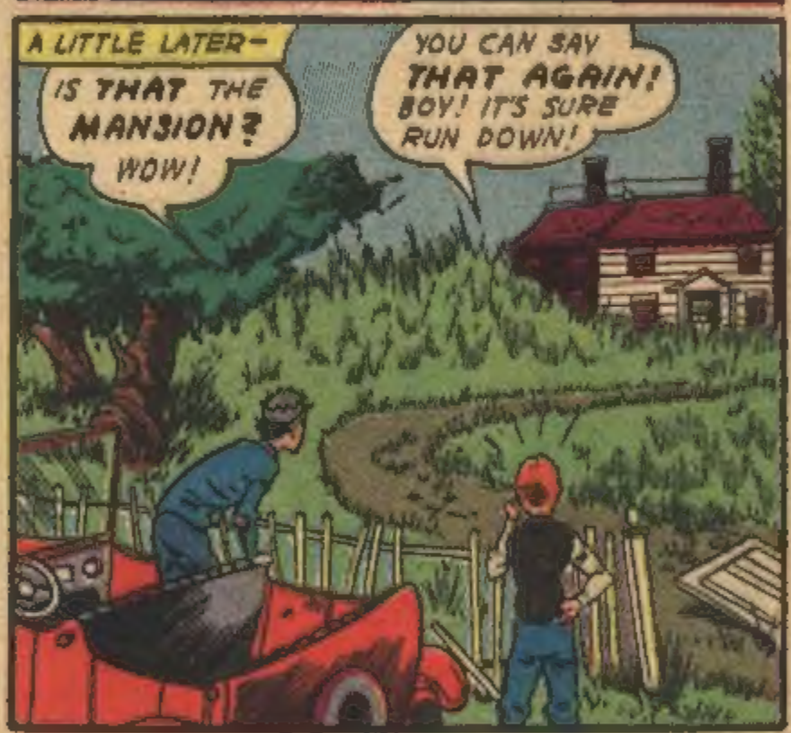
Archie

HARRY SHORTEN—EDITOR

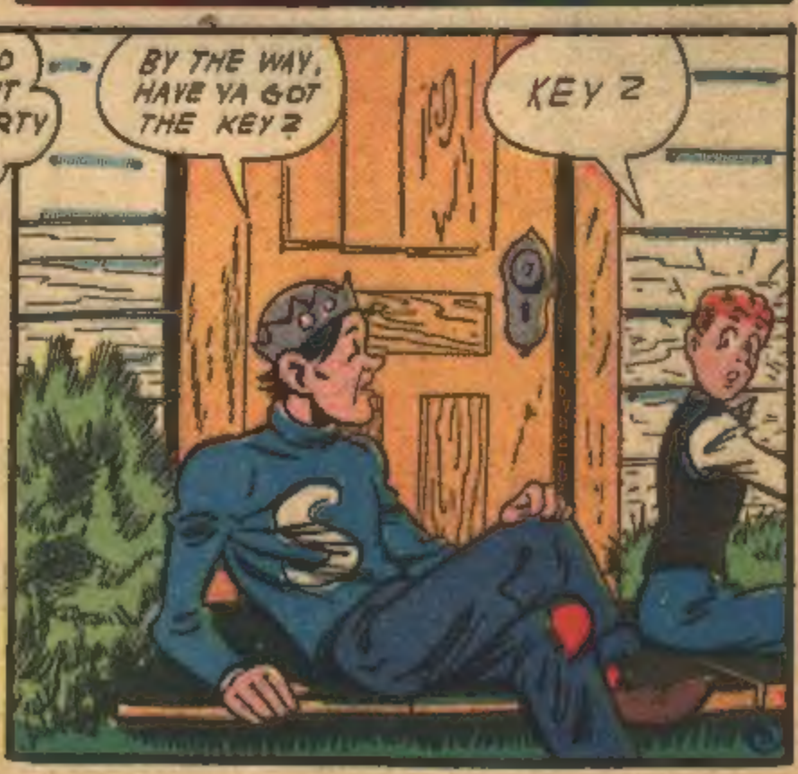
POP'S OFFICE
ARCHIE. I MUST LEAVE TOWN ON BUSINESS SO I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO SELL SOME PROPERTY FOR ME!
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, POP - I NEED SOME RESPONSIBILITIES!
R

NOW SOME PEOPLE ARE COMING OUT TO SEE THIS PROPERTY AND I'D LIKE YOU TO MAKE THE SALE!
CONSIDER IT SOLD, POP! YES SIR CONSIDER IT SOLD!

WHERE WE HEADED, ARCH?
OUT TO A MANSION ON ROUTE SEVEN-- I'M GONNA SELL IT FOR POP!
NIGHOG'S DEPT STORE


A LITTLE LATER-
IS THAT THE MANSION? WOW!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! BOY! IT'S SURE RUN DOWN!

I'LL JUST HAVE TO USE HIGH PRESSURE SALESMANSHIP TO SELL THIS PROPERTY!
WHAT WOULD ANYONE WANT WITH PROPERTY LIKE THIS?


BY THE WAY, HAVE YA GOT THE KEY?
KEY?

KEY--HMM- WHAT DO YOU KNOW? I FORGOT IT!
MAYBE WE COULD BREAK IN TH' DOOR!
R
S
WHAT! AND DAMAGE THE PROPERTY!
ARE YOU KIDDIN'? ANYTHING YOU DO TO THIS DUMP IS BOUND TO BE AN IMPROVEMENT!
TRY TH' WINDOWS, THAT MIGHT HELP!
S'NO USE THEY'RE NAILED SHUT!
HOW ABOUT PICKIN' TH' LOCK?
NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A PIECE O' WIRE!
WHA - THE BACK DOOR IS OPENED! I'LL SURPRISE ARCH! AND OPEN TH' FRONT DOOR!
GRR- NO USE TRYIN' TO PICK THAT OLD LOCK-- I'LL HAVE TO BREAK IT IN! THAT'S IT!

ONE --
TWO --
THR--
WHAT--
CRASH
THUMP
SMART GUY'
!?!
AW, DON'T GET HUFFY' HOW'D I KNOW YOU WERE GONNA PULL A SHIELD?
HEY WHAT'S THAT NOISE!
LOOK, JUG! A CAR'S JUST STOPPED OUT FRONT!
MAYBE THAT'S THE NEW BUYER'
ARE YOU MR. ANDREWS? I'M MRS HASSENFEFFER! AND THIS THING BEHIND ME IS MY HUSBAND!
HOW'D YOU DO, MA'M- WON'T YOU COME IN?
4

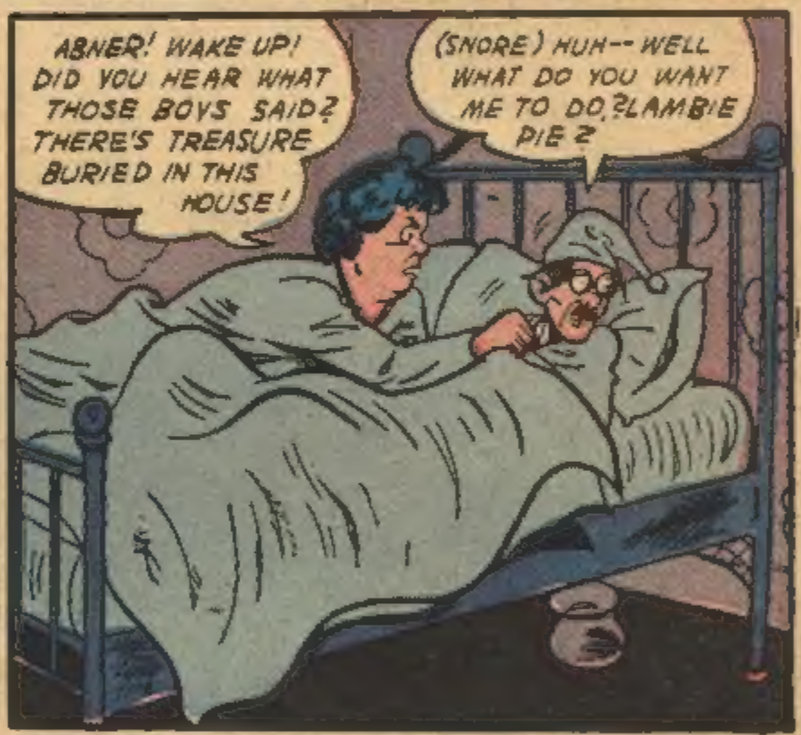
?
WHY, THIS PLACE ISN'T FIT FOR A PIG!
OH YES IT IS, MRS. HASSENPEFFER. YOU'LL BE VERY COMFORTABLE HERE!
JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE FINE ROOMS UPSTAIRS!
FINE ROOMS! ALL THE PLACE NEEDS IS CHICKENS!
WELL, MRS. H.! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? NICE, HUH?
NO!
WELL - ER- COULDN'T WE TALK IT OVER A LITTLE!
I WOULDN'T BUY IT ON A BET! COME, ABNER!
WHAT TH-- IT'S RAINING!
YES LAMBIE PIE. SO IT IS!
LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY OVER TILL IT STOPS!
BUT ONLY TILL IT STOPS!

THAT NIGHT--
BOY IF I COULD ONLY MAKE THIS SALE!
RELAX - WILL YA! WHAT'S THIS - A BOOK!

HEY ARCH! LISTEN T'THIS-
SHORT STORIES
THE BURIED TREASURE
BY H. SHORTEN

NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT THE WEALTH OF JEWELS AND MONEY HIDDEN IN THE CELLAR!

IN THE NEXT ROOM-
-- BUT THERE IT LIES -- ALL THAT TREASURE SOME WHERE IN THE CELLAR!
TREASURE? CELLAR?


ABNER! WAKE UP! DID YOU HEAR WHAT THOSE BOYS SAID? THERE'S TREASURE BURIED IN THIS HOUSE!
(SNORE) HUH -- WELL WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, ?LAMBIE PIE ?

I THINK I ASKED THE WRONG QUESTION!

DIGGING FOR TREASURE AT TWO IN THE MORNING. WHAT DOES SHE THINK I AM -- AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW!

TWO HOURS LATER-
OOO--MY BACK! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO STRAIGHTEN UP AGAIN!
I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP! I'VE JUST GOT TO!
BUT-BUT-BUT-BUT-
DON'T BUT ME! YOU MARCH RIGHT BACK DOWN TO THAT CELLAR AND DIG!
DAWN-
ABNER-OH ABNER! DID YOU FIND ANYTHING YET?
N-NO-LAMBIE PIE-ONLY DIRT!
AH GOOD MORNING MRS H--MAKING IMPROVEMENTS ALREADY!
UH-ER-A WELL!
YOU KNOW ARCHIE, I MAY BUY THE HOUSE AFTER ALL! JUST GIVE ME A FEW HOURS TO THINK IT OVER!
YIPEEE! YOU BETCHA MRS H!
MEANWHILE
AT THE OFFICE OF AN AIRFIELD CONTRACTOR-
HIGGINS THERE'S A PIECE OF PROPERTY ON ROUTE 7 WE'VE GOT TO HAVE FOR OUR NEW AIRPORT!
I'LL GO RIGHT OUT THERE AND BUY IT, BOSS!

WELL, MRS. H. YOU'VE BEEN THINKIN' FOR 2 HOURS, HAVEN'T YOU DECIDED YET?
PATIENCE MY BOY, PATIENCE!
KNOCK KNOCK
HELLO- MY NAME IS HIGGINS AND- I'D--
MY NAME IS ANDREWS- BUT I'M BUSY- CALL LATER!
R
HELLO BOSS? THIS IS HIGGINS. I TRIED TO BUY THAT PROPERTY BUT--
NO BUTS! OFFER HIM A THOUSAND DOLLARS! GET THAT PROPERTY!
STORE
HMPF--
I'LL STALL FOR TIME TILL ABNER FINDS THAT MONEY!
UH... I'D SELL IT TO YOU REAL CHEAP MRS. H. SAY--AH— $ 200.00
BUT MR ANDREWS YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME--!--
GO AWAY I'M BUSY!
AIRPORTS INCORPORATED
WHAT- HE WOULDN'T SEE YOU-- WELL THEN OFFER HIM TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR IT!
8

$.00
$.98
$.96
HMPF!
LOOK, SON! WILL YOU PLEASE LOOK AT THIS AT LEAST!
HUH OH SURE! JUST LEAVE IT ON THE TABLE!
HMM-MAYBE THAT FELLOW KNOWS ABOUT THE TREASURE
ALL RIGHT YOUNG MAN! YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN! I'LL GIVE YOU 75 DOLLARS!
$75 I'LL TAKE IT!
NOW LET'S SEE WHERE'S OUR CONTRACT? OH HERE IT IS--
YOU'LL NEVER REGRET THIS MRS. HASSEN-FEFFER!
I HOPE YOU REALIZE THAT 75 DOLLARS IS A LOT OF MONEY FOR THIS PLACE!
KNOCK KNOCK
LISTEN MR. ANDREWS--I'LL GIVE YOU TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THIS PLACE!
WHAT ??
TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS! GULP!
I JUST SOLD IT FOR $75

SOLD IT? LET ME SEE THAT CONTRACT!
HERE--I JUST SIGNED IT OVER TO MRS HASSENFEFFER!
WHY THIS ISN'T YOUR CONTRACT! IT'S OURS! YOU SIGNED IT OVER TO US!
GULP-- I-DID?
AIRPORTS INCORPORATED
HERE'S THE CHECK FOR THE $2000-WE'RE BUILDING AN AIRPORT AND NEEDED THIS PROPERTY!
OH--- THANK YOU!
ABNER! ABNER! ABNER!
ABNER! WHERE ARE YOU!
ZZZ
LATER AT POP'S OFFICE-
ARCHIE-I'M PROUD OF YOU- YOU'RE A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK!
AW-GOSH POP- IT WAS NOTHING- NOTHING AT ALL. JUST USED MY HEAD--
YSEE JUG- IT'S ALL IN KNOWIN' HOW!
YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH
10

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the BOY DETECTIVE
in the
MAN
who played
GOD

ONE DAY, AS JOE HIGGINS, FBI MAN, WORKS INDUSTRIOUSLY IN HIS OFFICE, THE PHONE RINGS, AND ..
OH, HELLO DUSTY, WHAT IS IT?
SORRY TO BOTHER YOU JOE. BUT.. BUT. I THINK I'M SICK - OR MAYBE NUTS! EVERYTHING AROUND ME IS GETTIN' BIGGER.
...AND - OH! JOE! JOE! I'M SMALLER THAN THE DESK!
DUSTY! GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!
IT MUST BE YOUR IMAGINATION!... DUSTY! DUSTY! WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?
THE PHONE WENT DEAD!
THAT KID'S NOT THE TYPE TO HAVE PIPE DREAMS!
WHA - WHAT WAS IT THAT JUST FLASHED PAST ME?

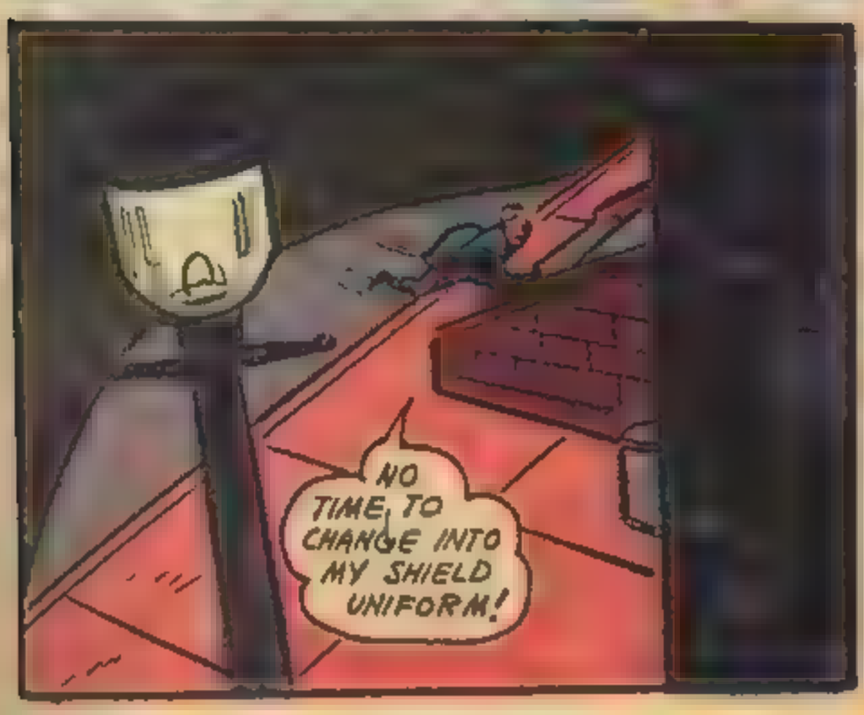
HOLD IT, EDDIE!

MAKE IT AN EXPRESS, KID ... IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH!
Y...YES MR. HIGGINS!

I THOUGHT ONLY THE SHIELD COULD MOVE THAT FAST!

HOLY CROCKEYE! LOOKA HIM GO!

DUSTY!... ARE YOU ALLRIGHT?


NO TIME TO CHANGE INTO MY SHIELD UNIFORM!

SAY.. WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY APARTMENT?
AH, WELCOME MY FRIEND! I CAN USE ANOTHER SPECIMEN!
I DON'T LIKE HAVING GUNS POINTED AT ME!
AND I DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE!
OUT COLD! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FIND DUSTY MYSELF!
DUSTY! WHERE ARE YOU LAD?
SUDDENLY, JOE'S KEEN EYES ALIGHT ON AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT...
NO!..IT IT CAN'T BE!
DUSTY!

IT CAN'T BE DUSTY! IT MUST BE A SMALL DOLL LOOKING LIKE HIM! AND YET... IT'S... ITS MOUTH IS MOVING!
AS JOE'S EYES DAZE IN FASCINATED HORROR ON THE BOTTLE, A QUEER UNEARTHLY RAY SHOOTS OUT OF THE STRANGER'S WEIRD GUN, AND...
I...I FEEL QUEER! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?
MY HEAD'S SPINNING - AND EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE GROWING BIGGER!
GREAT HEAVENS! IT'S ME! I'M GROWING SMALLER!
AH... THIS ONE STILL HAS FIGHT IN HIM! INCREDIBLE VIRILITY AND STRENGTH INDEED!
THESE TWO ARE THUS FAR MY BEST SPECIMENS! HA, HA, HA!
JOE! I TRIED TO WARN YOU!
OOF!

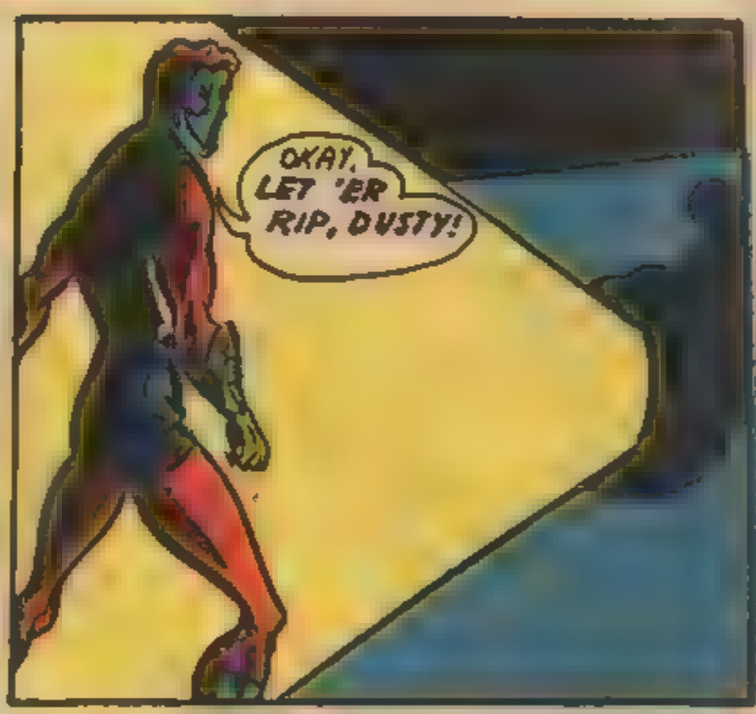
OOOO... MY HEAD!
IT'LL CLEAR SOON LIKE MINE DID, JOE!
I... I NEVER BAWLED BEFORE, JOE, BUT THIS TIME, I... I CAN'T HELP MYSELF... SNIFF SNIFF..
WITH THIS CRAZY MESS WE'RE IN, I COULD CRY MYSELF!
WHO IS HE? WHERE ARE WE NOW?
I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE ABOUT HIM THAN YOU DO, JOE!
BUT WHILE YOU WERE OUT COLD HE TOOK US TO SOME KIND OF LABORATORY!
YES! I CAN SEE THAT! BUT WHAT'S HE UP TO NOW!
DUSTY! I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF A WAY OUT OF HERE!
I'LL HEAT THE AIR INSIDE THIS BOTTLE TO THE EXPANDING POINT! THE PRESSURE WILL BLOW OUT THE CORK!
NOTTER AND NOTTER GLOWS THE FLAME OF THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER-
I--I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH NOTTER THAN THIS IN HERE!

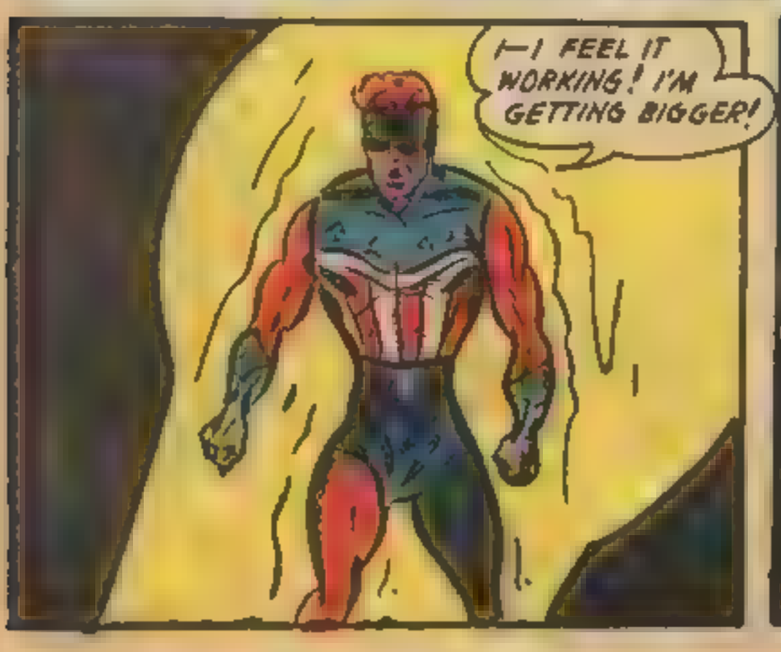
POP
NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT THE SHIELD AND THE BOY DETECTIVE CAN DO.. EVEN IF ONLY MINIATURE!
UP YOU GO, DUSTY!
BOY! I NEVER REALIZED HOW SMALL WE WERE UNTIL THIS MINUTE!
GOT IT SHIELD! NOW YOU CLIMB UP ON ME!
OKAY, DUSTY! HOLD TIGHT NOW!
SO FAR, SO GOOD!
HE HASN'T SPOTTED US YET!
NOW WHAT! IT WOULD BE FUTILE TO ATTACK HIM TINY AS WE ARE!
AND IF WE ESCAPE, WE'LL NEVER GET BACK TO OUR NORMAL SIZES!
SHIELD! LOOK!

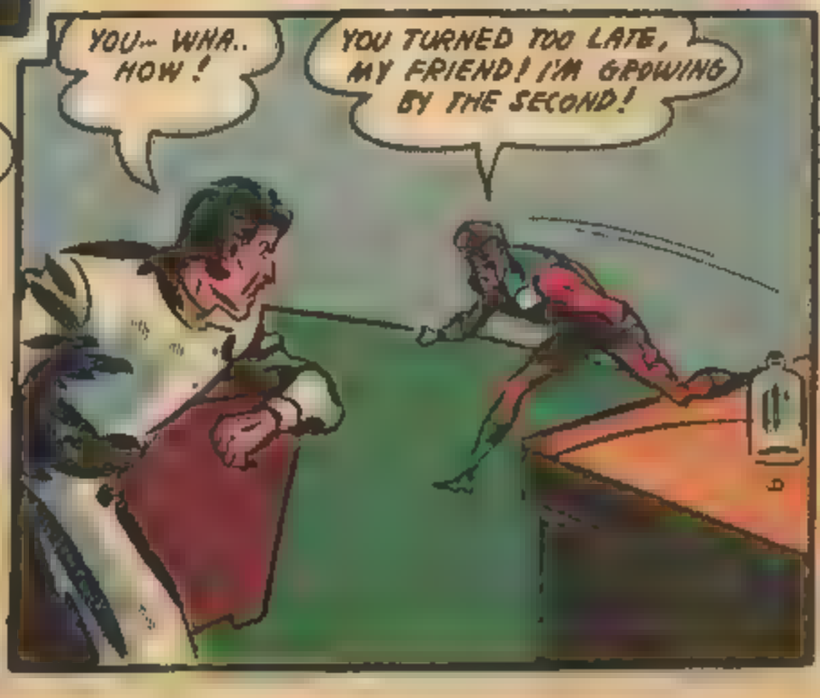
THE RAY GUN THAT SHRUNK US.. SAY THIS KNOB SEEMS TO MOVE TWO WAYS!

MAYBE THERE'S A REVERSE CONTROL ON THE GUN! I'M GOING TO STAND IN FRONT OF THE MUZZLE!

BOY... IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, I'LL SHRINK TO AN ATOM!


OKAY, LET 'ER RIP, DUSTY!


—I FEEL IT WORKING! I'M GETTING BIGGER!


YOU— WHA.. HOW!
YOU TURNED TOO LATE, MY FRIEND! I'M GROWING BY THE SECOND!

NOW WE'RE A LITTLE MORE EVENLY MATCHED!
SEE WHAT I MEAN ?
THE SHIELD CAN HANDLE HIM ALL RIGHT! I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THESE GADGETS!
SOCK
CRACK
WHAM
OW W
HOLY COW! THE PAST AND THE FUTURE! EITHER THIS GUY IS THE WORLD'S GREATEST GENIUS OR GREATEST SCREWBALL!
PAST
FUTURE
BUT AFTER SAMPLING THAT GUN, MAYBE HE REALLY IS TAKING US INTO THE FUTURE! SO I'LL JUST PLAY SAFE AND TURN IT BACK!
PAST
FUTURE
AS DUSTY TURNS THE SWITCH, A TERRIFIC REPERCUSSION ROCKS THE SHIP...
WHA
B-BUMP
OOF

OWOOOo.. WHAT HIT ME? WHERE ARE WE?
AFTER I TURNED THAT KNOB, EVERY-THING WENT BLACK!
GULP! SHIELD! LOOK!
MA. MAYBE WE'RE BOTH SEEING THUNGS, SHIELD!
IT'S A DINOSAUR! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE, DUSTY!
KEEP KICKING, LAD! I..I'LL TRY TO CUT OFF ITS BREATH AND MAKE THE MONSTER OPEN ITS MOUTH!
CRRR
YOU GOT HIM SHIELD! A LITTLE MORE PRESSURE ON THE OLD WINDPIPE, AND..

UGH... OPEN UP YOU OUT-SIZED HALF-TRACK!
YEEOOOW! I'M GOING OVER A CLIFF!
HELP! SHIELD! HELP!
SHIELD! HELP! HELP!
HAVING NIGHT-MARES, SON?
HMMM.. I THINK I KNOW WHAT GAVE 'EM TO YOU!
THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD — A FICTION-SCENCE TALE
AND HERE-AFTER NO MORE READ-ING BEFORE GOING TO BED!
CAFEBEE

PEP CONTEST PAGE

HERE'S A CONTEST IN WHICH **EVERYBODY WINS!** ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND IN A LETTER OR POSTCARD TELLING US YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTER IN **PEP COMICS**. THE TEN **BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF PEP COMICS FREE**. ALL OTHERS WILL RECEIVE A WAR STAMP WHEN THEIR NAMES APPEAR ON THIS PAGE. SO SEND IN YOUR LETTERS, AND WATCH THIS PAGE FOR YOUR NAME. ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO **PEP COMICS**, 241 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.

HERE ARE THE LUCKY TEN WHO WIN A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF PEP COMICS

1) ALICE HAKEN
109 N. 7th AVE.
ALPENA, MICH

2) LOUIS H GOLD
69 W. HOUSATONIC ST
PITTSFIELD MASS.

3) AVA MUCKLER
210 S 24th ST
OMAHA, NEBR.

4) WILLIE MUESSIG
ROUTE #2
AURORA, OREGON

5) JOAN M DAVIES
710 N WALNUT
SALEM, ILL.

6) JAMES SCHALZ
1736 CORTLAND ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.

7) DIANA BORELLI
102 FARREN AVE
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

8) FLORENCE SMITH
327 VERNON AVE
BKLYNLE, N Y

9) RICHARD KUMMERT
1504 N. LAVERGNE
CHICAGO, ILL.

10) SEYMOUR HARNIK
285 BONNER PL.
BX. 56, N.Y.

AND HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF WAR STAMPS

DOROTHY CASEY
1034 N HAMILTON
INDIANAPOLIS, IND

EARL CLAYTON
203 N ROSE ST
BALTO 24, MD

C W SANDEFUR
ROUTE #1
DRY BRANCH, GA

PATSY ABERNATHY
BOX 1261
PAMPA, TEX.

GERALD WOLF
33 JONES AVE.
DORCHESTER, MASS.

WALTER SZEUEZYK
176 CHERRY ST
DURYEA, PA.

HAROLD PUGH
4909 - 1st AVE N
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

ROBERT STEKES
OAK RIDGE COURT
FORT ROYAL, VA

BARBARA KESLER
1881 CHRISTOPHER
INDIANAPOLIS, IND

EDITH WILLIAMS
BOX 43
ELMWOOD, NEBR.

ALFRED CAMPAYNA
26 MURRAY AVE.
PATERSON, N.J.

J.S HORNEK, JR
656 S PRESTON ST.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

RAYMOND FUNK
1101 DECATUR ST.
S. NORFOLK, VA.

STEVE JUDGE, JR.
3 W. DECKER ST.
JOHNSTOWN, N.Y.

MARY NORNBERGER
HIGHLAND SPRINGS
VIRGINIA

JIM WEIR
9235 S 55 AVE.
OAK LAWN, ILL

BETTY BATTLE
794 LINCOLN ST
NORFOLK, VA.

BUCKY WEEDEN
HOTEL EVANS
MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA

M L. ROACHE
R F D #2
NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

JOE GRAZIANO
7106 - 18th AVE
BROOKLYN, N Y

THE BLACK HOOD
MAN of MYSTERY
YOU MADE ME CONFESS
DEDICATED TO THE BLACK HOOD
JIM AND JAKE INC.
SONG WRITERS AND PUBLISHERS

ONCE UPON A TIME AT A CERTAIN POLICE STATION
YOU, AN' YER SCIENTIFIC HOTSY POTSY! I TELL YA, KIP..
YES! I KNOW! YOU'VE BEEN ON THE FORCE 25 YEARS SERGEANT McGINTY, AND YOU'VE ALWAYS CAUGHT CROOKS WITH YOUR NIGHTSTICK!
THAT'S RIGHT DAGNABBIT! AND THAT'S THE WAY YOU'D CATCH THE BLACK HOOD, IF...
RING
BETTER ANSWER THE PHONE, SARGE!
WHAT'S THAT? OKAY RIGHT AWAY! I'VE GOT JUST THE MAN FOR YOU!
JOHNSON, THE SONG PUBLISHER IS MAKING A BANK DEPOSIT.. YOU'RE TO ESCORT HIM! HEH! HEH!
AW, SARGE! HAVE A HEART! YOU'VE BEEN GIVING ME ALL THESE CREAM PUFF ASSIGNMENTS LATELY, AND...
YOU HEARD ME! I'M GIVING THE ORDERS HERE! NOW SCRAM!
YES SIR!
LATER
I SURE GET THE INTERESTING ASSIGNMENTS! WELL.. HERE WE ARE!
JOHNSON INC. MUSIC PUBLISHER

YOU WANTED A POLICE ESCORT? JOHNSON?
YES M'BOY.. I'M MAKING MY WEEKLY DEPOSIT AT THE BANK..
IT'S SIMPLY TERRIBLE! SO MANY ROBBERIES THESE DAYS.. TCH TCH
UH.. HUH!
SUDDENLY
OW!
GIMME THAT MONEY! YOU CHEAP CHISELER!
HOLD IT.. YOU! ATTEMPTING A ROBBERY IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! WHAT D'YOU KNOW!
IT'S MY MONEY I TELL YOU!
I'M LOCKING THIS GUY UP! THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT TO THE BANK YOURSELF?
OH... I'LL BE ALRIGHT, OFFICER!
YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A CROOK ? WHY DID YOU DO IT?
I'M JIM BLAKE FROM TEXAS! I WRITE SONGS. SEE ?
3

I ANSWERED, ONE OF JOHNSON'S ADS IN THE PAPER ASKING FOR SONG WRITERS... JOHNSON LIKED MY SONGS AND WE SIGNED A CONTRACT. THE NEXT DAY THE CONTRACT WAS MISSING FROM MY COAT AND JOHNSON WOULDN'T PAY ME, SAYING I HAD NO PROOF!
THAT'S A STRONG ACCUSATION TO MAKE! BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO! MEANWHILE I'LL HAVE TO LOCK YOU UP! INCIDENTALLY, LET ME HAVE YOUR SONGS!
FISH MARKET
NEXT DAY
ER.. EXCUSE ME! I SAW YOUR AD IN THE PAPER.. I'VE GOT SOME SONGS!
COME RIGHT IN! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU HAVE!
YOUNG MAN, YOU'RE A GENIUS! I'LL SIGN YOU UP IMMEDIATELY!
G..GEE! THANKS! S'WONDERFUL!
GOODBYE M'BOY! I'LL HOLD YOUR SONGS FOR SAFEKEEPING!
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW MR JOHNSON! THANKS AGAIN!
OKAY WINGY! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! AND NO SLIP-UPS!
IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE!

THEY SURE FELL FOR THIS DISGUISE! THE CONTRACT IS ON THE LEVEL! SO FAR SO GOOD!
SUDDENLY
OOOPS! PARDON ME!
HUM?
SO THAT'S HOW THE CONTRACTS DISAPPEAR! PICKPOCKET!
I'VE GOT BUSINESS TO TEND TO! SO YOU'RE DISAPPEARING TEMPORARILY!
THE STRANGER REMOVES HIS CLEVER DISGUISE AND WE SEE— KIP BURLAND!
WITH NO EVIDENCE, HIS WORD WOULD BE TAKEN IN COURT! BUT JOHNSON IS IN FOR A SURPRISE VISIT FROM THE BLACK HOOD!
MEANWHILE ANOTHER SUCK.. ER.. NOVICE SONG WRITER IS BEING LINED UP...
I'LL SIGN YOU UP AT $500 A WEEK MEANWHILE LET ME HAVE YOUR SONGS!
CHEEE G-GAWSH!

SUDDENLY...
THE BLACK HOOD!
I'M GETTING A SIGNED CONFESSION FROM YOU, JOHNSON!
B-BEHIND YOU, HOOD!
YOU'VE FLEECED YOUR LAST SONG WRITER, JOHNSON... UH? WHAT TH...
I'M GONNA BLOW YOU TO KINGDOM COME, HOOD!
I DON'T LIKE TO BE INTERRUPTED! HAVE A CHAIR!
G-GAWSH!
DO SOMETHING YOU GUYS! DON'T JUST STAND THERE!
I'LL MOIDER YA!
6

MY! BUT YOU'RE THE AGGRESSIVE ONE!
BUT I'M SURE IT'S JUST A COMPLEX! THAT CAN BE EASILY CORRECTED! THUS!
YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER TO THIS ONE IN HEAVEN!
YOU'VE KILLED THE BLACK HOOD! HELP! HAALP!
SHUT THAT JERK UP!
WIT' PLEASURE!
CLUNK

THE BLACK HOOD IS FAR FROM DEAD. THANKS TO THE SCAFFOLD USED BY SAND BLASTERS TO CLEAN THE GRIMY BUILDING...
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! AH.. JUST WHAT I NEED!
THIS SAND BLASTING EQUIPMENT WILL JUST ABOUT DUST THEM OFF!
LET'S GET THIS YOKEL INTO THE CAR BEFORE HE COMES TO! HEY!! WHAT'S HAPPENING 2
COUGH! COUGH!
CUT IT OUT!
DUST THIS UPSET YOU!
COUGH! COUGH!
LATER
THANKS FOR THE CONFESSION... I'LL GET SOME MEN TO DIG YOU OUT LATER! C'MON BALDWIN, WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE LAW!
NEXT DAY
AN ENDING WITH A MORAL! BUT WITH A VENGEANCE!
JIM & JAKE ~~JOHNSON INC~~ MUSIC PUBLISHERS AND SONG WRITERS
8
END

A TRUE FACT STORY

by the Black Hood

"EPHRAIM, go down to the hospital and get me a pint of blood."

Ephraim Littlefield, janitor of the Harvard Medical School, took down a quart jar from a shelf in Dr. John Webster's chemical laboratory and asked if that would do. The Professor, a short middle-aged man, side-whiskered as befitted a gentleman of Boston in 1849, nodded. Littlefield, who was general man at the newly established institute, left; but he was unable to successfully fulfill his mission. That day, which was Thursday, November 22nd, there was no blood to be had nor was there any available Friday morning. Dr. Webster was chagrined. He needed the blood for a lecture, he said.

Dr. George Parkman was a fairly wealthy man. It was he who had endowed the Medical School only the year before and who had gained Webster his place there. But Webster owed him money on a mortgage covering a valuable collection of minerals the chemist owned. Parkman was a philanthropist when he wanted to be but he was also a tight-fisted businessman. He believed in collecting debts even when they were owed by men who had to subsist on the poor salaries of college professors. And it was that Friday morning that Webster at last notified his creditor that he would pay him the money that was due him, a matter of some four hundred dollars. He would settle the debt that afternoon at one o'clock, at his laboratory. The matter was known to Littlefield, who had overheard discussion of it several days before.

Littlefield was a strange person, but typical enough in one matter; there is a New England type like him. Given to keeping their own counsel, given to certain eccentricities. He lived in his own quarters in the Medical School building, had access to the rooms and laboratories, tended the furnace, and kept watch on the great underground vault below wherein were thrown the used remains of the multifold cadavers used by the students in anatomy classes. Of all the men employed in Harvard, he alone seemed most able to penetrate into the foul recesses of the vaults amid the stench of decaying flesh.

Parkman, a tall gaunt man, bald, with a sharply jutting jaw, set out promptly that afternoon to the Webster laboratory to keep his appointmen. He called in a grocery store on his way, nodded to several people, and was seen to enter the door of the college. He was never seen to leave.

Now Parkman was a man of strict punctuality; when he failed to meet other appointments in the afternoon and failed to show up at home in time for supper his family became aroused and concerned. They notified the city marshal, a Mr. Tuckey, and search was started at once. All night they searched and all the next day. Posters were sent out and a reward of $3000 was offered for knowledge leading to either the finding of Parkman, his body, or his murderers.

Dr. Webster did not hear reports of his creditor's strange absence until they appeared in the papers several days later. He immediately went to the Parkman family, telling them that he was the party with whom the missing man had had his appointment.

Parkman had come to his laboratory as expected, Dr. Webster went on; he had been paid in cash on the spot by the chemist, had given Webster the cancelled I.O.U., and had immediately left in order to go to Cambridge to discharge the mortgage. That was the last that Webster had seen of him.

Professor Webster seemed much worried about the disappearance; he realized that suspicion was bound to fall upon him since he was the last man known actually to have seen Parkman and it was a fact that Parkman was a hard creditor who had hounded Webster severely. Littlefield told people of a severe argument that the two doctors had had only a few days prior to the disappearance; harsh words had been spoken on both sides and Parkman had threatened to sue for the money.

Police officers arrived Tuesday afternoon to search the building. They had determined to go over the place from top to bottom, hoping to find some sign that might point to the fate of the missing man. They found the janitor outside and made him accompany them.

They searched the place, starting with the up-

stairs rooms and the basement including Littlefield's own chambers where, unknown to the janitor, they went through his clothes. Then they went to Webster's laboratory, but it was locked.

They pounded and finally the chemist opened the door. He let them in and the men made for the professor's back private laboratory but were warned away.

"I keep my explosives and acids there."

The officer changed his mind abruptly. He had no desire to be sent to kingdom come by any accidental fumbling with violent chemicals. Then they went to the professor's basement laboratory; there was a small corner door leading to the tiny chamber which was the professor's privy. This they failed to investigate. Below this privy were the vaults wherein the wastes from the professor's experiments fell.

When the officers left, Littlefield slipped back to the door of the laboratory. He drew a knife and crouched down beside the door but the noise of someone else in the building coming his way distracted him and he went away.

The next day Littlefield continued his actions. He tried looking under the door and watching the professor at work; he could see the chemist's feet moving near the assay furnace which was a part of his laboratory equipment but he could make out nothing further. Testing the walls outside the location of the furnace he confirmed that it was in operation.

Later that day, when Webster had left, Littlefield pried around and finally forced his way into the laboratory by way of a back window. He saw that the furnace indeed had been in heavy use the past few days but that was not a new discovery. He found several suspicious wet spots on the stairs leading to Webster's basement and to his back room (the one where explosives were supposed to have been stored). These tasted to him like acid.

It turned out that these spots were from a classroom test of the chemist's.

Thanksgiving Day found Littlefield again prowling around the deserted college building. He was in the cellar opposite the wall of Webster's basement. He had started to try to dig into the back of the chemist's privy which he had failed to get into otherwise. For several hours he pried bricks loose but it was a thick wall.

He worked on his sinister project most of the afternoon, using crowbar, chisel and hammer, he removed brick after brick and finally broke through. He rested a moment and tried to get a light through the small hole to see what was inside the professor's privy chamber.

Water was running in the sink. The first thing his light fell on were parts of a human leg and a section of pelvis. He withdrew immediately, went out and notified the City Marshal.

The searching party from the police immediately went back with him, viewed the bits of body, got into the laboratory and investigated the furnace. Littlefield put in his hand and drew from the ashes a piece of charred bone.

Webster was seized at his home and arrested that night. He denied everything but gave himself away when he tried to commit suicide by swallowing a strychnine pill he had been carrying around. His effort failed. He still denied his guilt but after a long trial was convicted. Other bones were taken out of the sealed vault and part of the torso was found in a metal container in Webster's chambers.

At last the little chemist confessed.

He had not had the money to pay his threatening creditor and when Parkman had come to his laboratory that fatal afternoon, he had told him so. A fight ensued, during which Webster struck the philanthropist with a club and killed him.

The mild, generally meek, professor thereupon locked the doors of his laboratories, took the documents of debt from the dead man's pockets, dragged the body into his back room and undressed it. He burned the clothes in his furnace and set about dissecting the body with as little concern as if he were demonstrating before a class room. It was not easy to get rid of the pieces because his assay furnace was small and would not take large sections Some parts he squeezed down the privy drain; others he stowed away in the sink under running water until he could attend to burning them later. The whole process had taken a week and he had not determined how to dispose of the parts that the janitor uncovered, nor of the heavy mass of the torso.

John Webster was hanged August 30th, 1850. To his death he denied that the affair had been premeditated. But there is one thing unsolved, the question of for what purpose he intended to use the pint of blood he sent Littlefield out to obtain the day before the murder. Webster never had any use for blood in his work. It has never been explained.

CAPTAIN COMMANDO and the BOY SOLDIERS
COMMUNIQUE NO.16
COMMANDO UNITS WILL ATTACK AND DESTROY JAPANESE HEADQUARTERS ON NJUBUTI. YOU CAN'T MISS YOUR OBJECTIVE. THE JAPS ARE QUARTERED IN THE ONLY HOUSE LEFT STANDING IN NJUBUTI. IT IS THE PLACE KNOWN AS "FREYLING'S FOLLY!"
by CLEM

OUR STORY BEGINS ON A DAY IN 1894, WHEN A SMALL SAILBOAT IS FIGHTING VAINLY FOR ITS LIFE AGAINST A SQUALL-

BUT THE SEA TRIUMPHS. THE BOAT AND ITS LONE WOMAN PASSENGER ARE LOST TOGETHER-

NEWS OF HIS WIFE'S DEATH IS BROUGHT TO THE WEALTHIEST PLANTER ON THE ISLAND, IN THE HOME HE HAD BUILT AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE
I WON'T BELIEVE SHE'S DEAD! SHE'S COMING BACK!
THEY FOUND HER BODY ON THE BEACH THIS MORNING, MR. FREYLING!

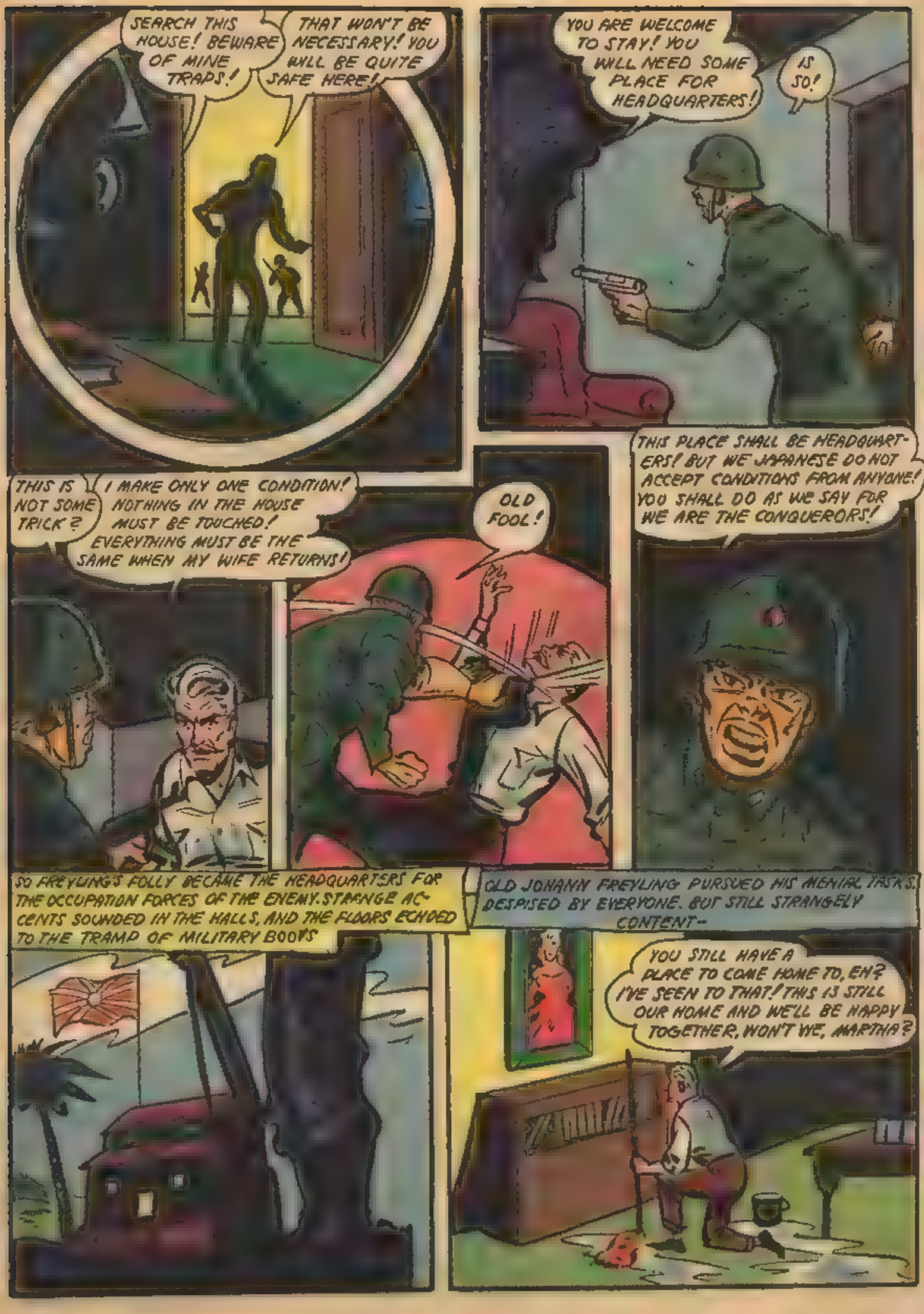
SHE'S NOT DEAD! ONE DAY SHE'LL COME BACK TO THIS HOUSE! AND I'LL BE WAITING FOR HER!

JOHANN FREYLING WAS TRUE TO HIS WORD. YEARS CAME AND WENT, BUT STILL HE WAITED IN HIS LONELY HOUSE FOR HIS BELOVED WIFE, REFUSING TO BELIEVE THAT SHE WAS GONE FROM HIM FOREVER-

IN 1941, JOHANN FREYLING WAS STILL WAITING, IN THE MOSS-GROWN ANCIENT MANSION WHICH BECAME KNOWN AS FREYLING'S FOLLY-

AND THEN .

MR FREYLING! OPEN THE DOOR, HURRY!
JAP PLANES ARE BOMBING THE ISLAND! GO TO A SHELTER AT ONCE!
I CAN'T LEAVE... NOW!
YOU'LL BE SAFE IN THE SHELTER! IF A BOMB HITS THE HOUSE YOU'LL BE KILLED!
I KNOW, BUT I MUST STAY HERE!
BOOM
SUDDENLY A HEAVY BOMB CRASHES NEARBY-
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
OLD FREYLING IS AS CRAZY AS A JUNE BUG! THE JAPS WILL BLOW HIM AND HIS HOUSE TO MATCHWOOD!
FREYLING'S FOLLY SURVIVED THE BOMBING RAID. UNSCATHED, IT STOOD ALONE AMID THE RUIN AND DESOLATION OF NJUBUTI-
UNDER COVER OF NIGHT THE JAP TROOPS LANDED AND STEADILY FOUGHT THEIR WAY TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE VILLAGE...
SPARE NO ONE! RAZE THE VILLAGE TO THE GROUND!


SEARCH THIS HOUSE! BEWARE OF MINE TRAPS!
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY! YOU WILL BE QUITE SAFE HERE!
YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY! YOU WILL NEED SOME PLACE FOR HEADQUARTERS!
IS SO!
THIS PLACE SHALL BE HEADQUARTERS! BUT WE JAPANESE DO NOT ACCEPT CONDITIONS FROM ANYONE! YOU SHALL DO AS WE SAY FOR WE ARE THE CONQUERORS!
THIS IS NOT SOME TRICK?
I MAKE ONLY ONE CONDITION! NOTHING IN THE HOUSE MUST BE TOUCHED! EVERYTHING MUST BE THE SAME WHEN MY WIFE RETURNS!
OLD FOOL!
SO FREYUNG'S FOLLY BECAME THE HEADQUARTERS FOR THE OCCUPATION FORCES OF THE ENEMY. STRANGE ACCENTS SOUNDED IN THE HALLS, AND THE FLOORS ECHOED TO THE TRAMP OF MILITARY BOOTS
OLD JOHANN FREYUNG PURSUED HIS MENIAL TASKS. DESPISED BY EVERYONE. BUT STILL STRANGELY CONTENT—
YOU STILL HAVE A PLACE TO COME HOME TO, EH? I'VE SEEN TO THAT! THIS IS STILL OUR HOME AND WE'LL BE HAPPY TOGETHER, WON'T WE, MARTHA?

FOR TWO YEARS JOHANN FREYLING SUFFERED AND WAITED. THE TIDE OF TREACHERY REACHED THE FLOOD, AND SLOWLY THE JAPANESE WERE DRIVEN BACK FROM THEIR ISLAND CONQUESTS. UNTIL NJUBUTI STOOD ALMOST ALONE-

THE INVASION BARGES ARE LOADED TO THE GUNWALES WITH GRIM, BATTLE HARDENED COMMANDOS. AND THEY ARE LED BY CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS-

SUDDENLY A DEADLY HAIL OF FIRE CUTS DOWN THE COMMANDOS ON THE BEACH-
BY GAR! DERE IS MACHINE GUN HIDDEN IN DOSE ROCKS!
JAN! COME BACK!
YELLOW HAIRED ONE HAS GRENADE! SHOOT QUICK!
YOU'RE A LIDDLE TOO LATE!
BOOM
NICE WORK, JAN! THE JAPS ARE ROOSTING ON TOP OF THE CLIFF!
YAAH! LOOKIT ME! I'M A MOUN-TAIN GOAT!
WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!
THEY'RE BARRI-CADED INSIDE THE HOUSE! WE'LL SMOKE THEM OUT!

CURSED COMMANDOS ARE EVERYWHERE!
YOU MUST SURRENDER!
NO HARM MUST COME TO THE HOUSE! IT BELONGS TO ME! I PROMISED TO KEEP IT SAFE FOR MARTHA!
STUPID ONE! GET OUT OF MY WAY!
WE WILL ABANDON THE HOUSE! SET FIRE TO IT BEFORE WE LEAVE!
YES, SIRE!
NO! NO, YOU MUSTN'T!
ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLISHNESS!
Oooo..
BANG
MUSTN'T BURN.. THE HOUSE! MARTHA.. WOULDN'T- LIKE- IT!

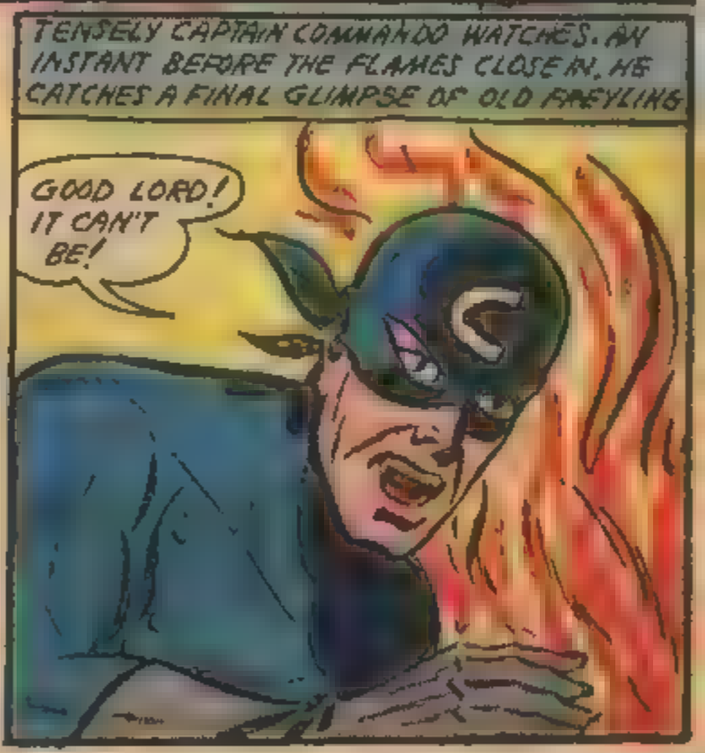
AAAAAOH!
BLAM
YOU OLD DEVIL! YOU KILLED ONE OF MY MEN!
YOU MUSTN'T. BURN MY HOUSE!
BUT ALREADY THE FLAMES FROM THE FIRETORCH ARE SPREADING QUICKLY THROUGH THE FLIMSY STRUCTURES-
LOOK, CAP! THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE!
THE JAPS ARE FALLING BACK! NOW'S OUR CHANCE!
SAVAGELY THE COMMANDOS FALL ON THE RETREATING JAP TROOPS-
AAARGH!

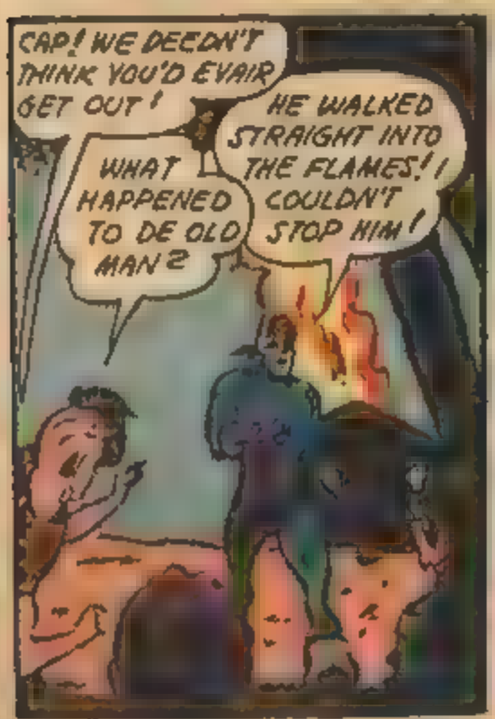
DERE'S AN OLE MAN IN DAT HOUSE! I SAW HIM AT DE WINDOW!
WHAT?

THERE IS SOMEONE!
MY LOVELY HOUSE... BURNING! I COULDN'T HELP IT, MARTHA!

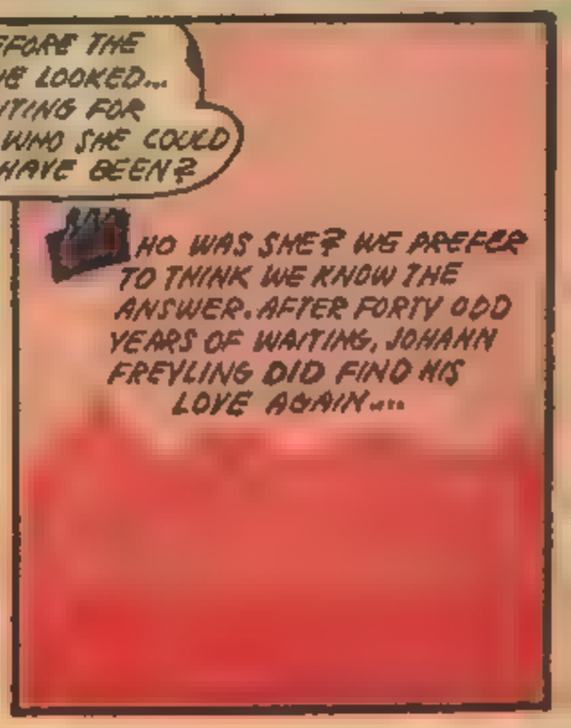
SUDDENLY TO THE AGE-DIMMED EYES OF THE OLD MAN THERE COMES A STRANGE VISION-
MARTHA!

MARTHA, DARLING! YOU'VE COME BACK! I'VE WAITED SO LONG!
WAIT!

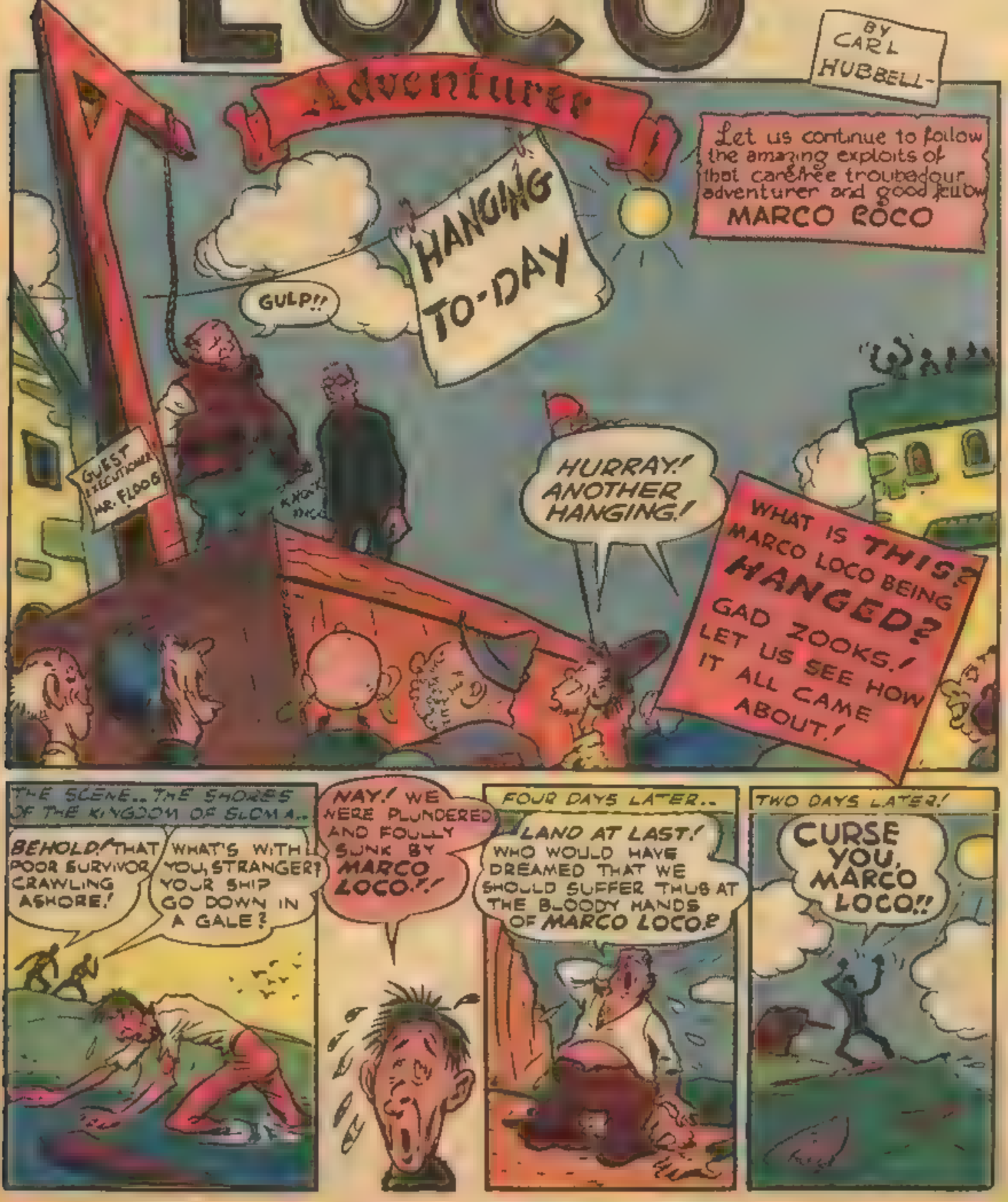

TENSELY CAPTAIN COMMANDO WATCHES. AN INSTANT BEFORE THE FLAMES CLOSE IN, HE CATCHES A FINAL GLIMPSE OF OLD FREYLING
GOOD LORD! IT CAN'T BE!


CAP! WE DEEDN'T THINK YOU'D EVAIR GET OUT!
WHAT HAPPENED TO DE OLD MAN?
HE WALKED STRAIGHT INTO THE FLAMES! I COULDN'T STOP HIM!

I'M SURE I SAW A WOMAN, JUST BEFORE THE FLAMES HID HIM FROM SIGHT! SHE LOOKED... ALMOST AS THOUGH SHE WERE WAITING FOR HIM TO COME TO HER! I WONDER WHO SHE COULD HAVE BEEN?


WHO WAS SHE? WE PREFER TO THINK WE KNOW THE ANSWER. AFTER FORTY ODD YEARS OF WAITING, JOHANN FREYLING DID FIND HIS LOVE AGAIN...

MARCO LOCO

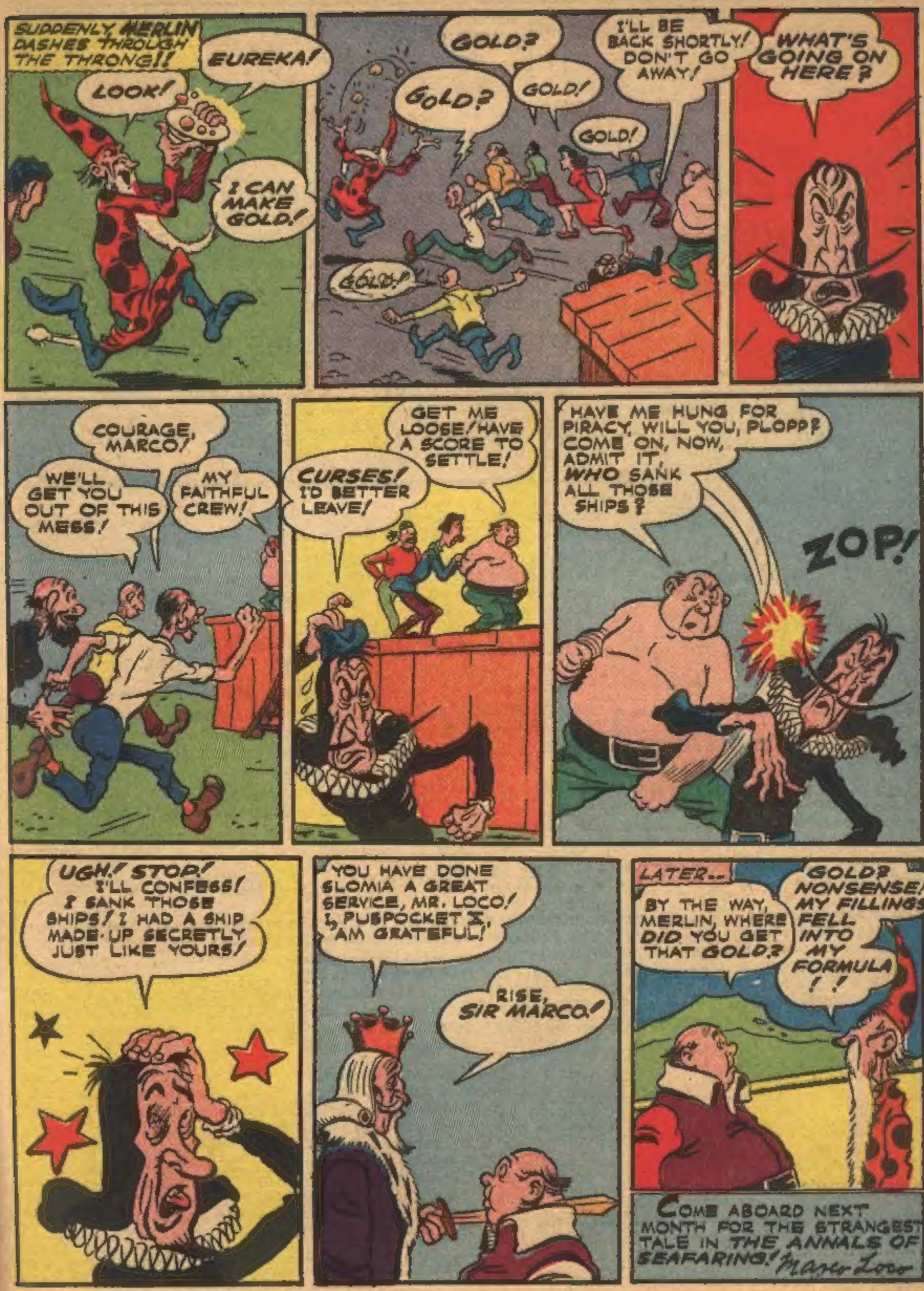

BY CARL HUBBELL-
Adventures
Let us continue to follow the amazing exploits of that carefree troubadour adventurer and good fellow MARCO LOCO
HANGING TO-DAY
GULP!!
GUEST EXECUTIONER MR. FLOOG
HURRAY! ANOTHER HANGING!
WHAT IS THIS? MARCO LOCO BEING HANGED? GAD ZOOKS! LET US SEE HOW IT ALL CAME ABOUT!
THE SCENE.. THE SHORES OF THE KINGDOM OF SLOMA..
BEHOLD! THAT POOR SURVIVOR CRAWLING ASHORE!
WHAT'S WITH YOU, STRANGER? YOUR SHIP GO DOWN IN A GALE?
NAY! WE WERE PLUNDERED AND FOULLY SUNK BY MARCO LOCO!!
FOUR DAYS LATER..
LAND AT LAST! WHO WOULD HAVE DREAMED THAT WE SHOULD SUFFER THUS AT THE BLOODY HANDS OF MARCO LOCO?
TWO DAYS LATER!
CURSE YOU, MARCO LOCO!!

WE TURN OUR ATTENTION TO MARCO LOCO'S SHIP AS SHE PLOWS GRACEFULLY ALONG BEFORE A SPANKING BREEZE! HER CANVAS GLISTENING IN THE SUN!
SNOOCH! A DOUBLE RATION OF PLUM DUFF TO ALL HANDS! IT'S MY BIRTHDAY!
HERE WE HAVE THE SHIP'S ASTROLOGER MERLIN, WHO, WHEN NOT BUSY WITH THE WEATHER, SNEAKS OFF..
WEATHER FORECAST
GENERALLY FAIR
CLOUDY
..TO PERFECT WEIRD MYSTERIOUS FORMULAE!
SO! I'LL MIX ALL THIS JUNK TOGETHER, AND...
..AT LAST I HAVE THE FORMULA FOR GOLD!
AH, NO! I HAVE FAILED AGAIN!
ON DECK..
HAST NOTICED ALL THE WRECKAGE FLOATING AROUND LATELY, ZOG?
AY, I HAST! I WONDER IF THERE BE PIRATES IN THESE PARTS?
LOOK! ISN'T THAT A LIFEBOAT OFF TO LEEWARD!
SO IT IS! THROW THE POOR WRETCH A ROPE!
SURE! HERE SHE GOES!
GOT 'IM!

YOU'LL BE OKAY NOW, POP!
YOU HAVE RESCUED ME IN TIME, SIRS! ANOTHER DAY IN THE LIFEBOAT, AND I WOULD HAVE DIED!.... WHO IS YOUR CAPTAIN?
WHO, BUT THE GREAT MARCO LOCO!
M...MARCO LOCO??
EEEEEOOWWW
A FEW DAYS LATER TOWARD SUNDOWN...
EVENING FLIM!
CAP'N LOCO! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!
SMOKE SIGNALS!
YEP, THEY'RE DISTRESS SIGNALS, ALL RIGHT! LOWER A BOAT! WE'LL GO ASHORE AND INVESTIGATE!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
STRANGE! NOBODY HERE!
THEY MUST HAVE SEEN US!!
MAYBE THEY'RE BASHFUL! WE'LL LOOK AROUND! SING HIM OUT, FLIM!
AVAST! ANYONE HERE? YOOo...HOo..! ANYONE....
UG!
I'M SHOT!
BANG!

FUM! WHAT THE..
SEIZE HIM!
GOTCHA, YOU PIRATE!
WIGGLE OUTA THIS ONE!
MARCO IS LED TO A SHIP HIDDEN IN A COVE...
MOVE ON!
BOSS! WE GOT MARCO LOCO!
SEND HIM IN!
AHAH! WE MEET AGAIN, MARCO!
CHRISTOPHER PLOPP!
QUITE SO! YOU THOUGHT YOU'D SEEN THE LAST OF ME, WHEN YOU TRICKED ME INTO THAT SLAVE SHIP!
BUT.. THAT WAS NONE OF MY DOING! YOUR CREW WANTED TO GET RID OF YOU!
YOU PIRATE!
I'M NO PIRATE EITHER!
NO? MAYBE NOT! HOWEVER, BY DARK, CUNNING PLANS, I HAVE FIXED YOUR WAGON! EVEN NOW, KING PUS-POCKET OF SLOMIA HAS PUT A PRICE ON YOUR HEAD FOR PIRACY! I'LL SEE YOU SHAMED, MORTIFIED AND HANGED!
UNFURL THE CANVAS! WE'RE HEADING FOR SLOMIA!
AYE, AYE!
BACK ON MARCO'S SHIP
ODD! THAT LOOKETH LIKE OUR VESSEL!
AND THE SHIPBUILDER TOLD US THIS WAS AN EXCLUSIVE MODEL! HMPH!

FLIM! WHERE'S MARCO?
HE'S BEEN SHANGHAIED!
-- AND WHEN I COMES TO, I SEES THESE THREE RUFFIANS DRAGGING HIM OFF TO THEIR SHIP! I TELL YOU, IT'S CURTAINS FOR MARCO!
IN SLOMIA MARCO IS BEING GIVEN A FAIR AND JUST TRIAL!
IS THE DEFENDANT WITHOUT COUNSEL? THEN WE MAY PROCEED, PROSECUTOR!
LOOK AT THIS VILE MONSTER! NOTICE THE SINISTER, FURTIVE CRUEL EXPRESSION! I DEMAND A VERDICT OF GUILTY!
D.A.
JURY, WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT AGAINST THIS PIRATE.. ER, I MEAN THE DEFENDANT ? ? ?
GUILTY!
GUILTY!
ZZZZ HUH? SURE! GUILTY!
GUILTY!
HANG TH' BUM!
JURY
THE NEXT DAY, A MOTLEY CROWD TURNS OUT TO WITNESS THE HANGING.
NICE DAY FOR IT, AIN'T IT?
ANY DAY IS A NICE DAY TO HANG THAT RAT!
.. SCAFFOLD BUILT BY BLOOP CONSTRUCTION CO.. ROPE, THROUGH COURTESY OF GOGGINS' DRY GOODS STORE.. ETC... ETC...
PEANUTS! GET YER SOUVENIR PROGRAMS HERE!
AND NOW, WE BRING YOU THE FEATURE ATTRACTION! THE HANGING OF THAT DASTARDLY PIRATE, MARCO LOCO!
APPLAUSE
HOORAY!
CLAP! CLAP!
YOU HAVE DONE SLOMIA A GREAT SERVICE, MR. PLOPP, IN BRINGING THIS WRETCH TO JUSTICE! I, PUSPOCKET X, AM GRATEFUL!
THANK YOU, YOUR MAJESTY!
NEXT PRIME MINISTER, THAT'S ME!
COME ON, HANG HIM!
YEAH, HURRY UP!
DON'T WASTE NO MORE TIME!


SUDDENLY, MERLIN DASHES THROUGH THE THRONG!!
EUREKA!
LOOK!
I CAN MAKE GOLD!
GOLD?
GOLD?
GOLD!
GOLD!
GOLD!
I'LL BE BACK SHORTLY! DON'T GO AWAY!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
COURAGE, MARCO!
WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS MESS!
MY FAITHFUL CREW!
CURSES! I'D BETTER LEAVE!
GET ME LOOSE! I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE!
HAVE ME HUNG FOR PIRACY, WILL YOU, PLOPP? COME ON, NOW, ADMIT IT, WHO SANK ALL THOSE SHIPS?
ZOP!
UGH! STOP! I'LL CONFESS! I SANK THOSE SHIPS! I HAD A SHIP MADE UP SECRETLY JUST LIKE YOURS!
YOU HAVE DONE SLOMIA A GREAT SERVICE, MR. LOCO! I, PUSPOCKET X, AM GRATEFUL!
RISE, SIR MARCO!
LATER...
BY THE WAY, MERLIN, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT GOLD?
GOLD? NONSENSE! MY FILLINGS FELL INTO MY FORMULA!!
COME ABOARD NEXT MONTH FOR THE STRANGEST TALE IN THE ANNALS OF SEAFARING! Mario Loco

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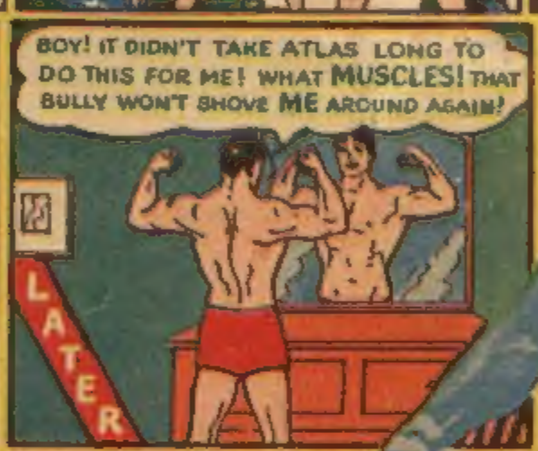

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